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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Articles on Europe
Missionary Letters

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by the
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VOLUME XIV

NUMBER 1

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1933

ANOTHER YEAR FOR JESUS

Another year for Jesus,
Who spent His years for me;
Who made Himself acquaint with grief,
To bring my sorrow sweet relief,
My Comforter to be!

Another year for Jesus,
Himself each day to be
My Friend, my Helper, yea, my Life;
Who takes the lead in all the strife
And, loving, conquers me.

Another year for Jesus!
What if it be my last?
I'll fill each day with service sweet;
My willing tasks He will complete,
While fly the glad hours past.

—*Nell R. Roffe.*

WHY THE TITLE

American-European Fellowship

FOR CHRISTIAN ONENESS AND EVANGELIZATION

?

Fellowship	*Christian Oneness*	*Evangelization*
I John 1:3	John 17:21–23	Romans 10:13–15 Matt. 28:19

Come Thou with Us, and have Fellowship in Prayer and in Ministry to Needy, Hungry Souls

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP FOR CHRISTIAN ONENESS AND EVANGELIZATION

continuing the Russia Evangelization Society and Christian Testimony to Jews

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2. To co-operate with reliable agencies for the spread of the Gospel in Europe.
3. To give material relief in Times of Emergency.
4. To distribute the Scriptures and other Gospel Literature.
5. To encourage definite Evangelization among the millions in Europe yet without the Gospel.
6. To support Evangelists and Workers as the Lord makes it possible.

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We shall be thankful for names and addresses of Christian friends, to whom we may send sample copies of the magazine. We appreciate your sympathetic co-operation with us.

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DEVOTIONAL AND EDITORIAL

The Story of the Bamboo

A Parable

By B. E. Newcombe

ON THE hillsides in Kucheng District, the most valuable trees are often marked with the owner's name. A common way of conveying water from the mountain springs down to the villages is in channels made of lengths of bamboo fitted one to the other. A beautiful tree stood among scores of others on a lovely hillside, its stem dark and glossy, its beautiful feathery branches gently quivering in the evening breeze.

As we admired it, we became conscious of a gentle rustling of the leaves, and a low murmur was distinctly heard: "You think me beautiful, you admire my tall stem and graceful branches, but I have nothing to boast of. All I have I owe to the loving care of my Master. It was He who planted me here in this very beautiful hill, where my roots, reaching down to and dwelling in hidden springs, and continually drinking of their life-giving water, receive nourishment, refreshment, beauty and strength for my whole being.

"Do you see those trees to one side, how miserable and parched they are? Their roots have not yet reached the living springs. Since I have found the hidden waters, I have lacked nothing.

"You observe those characters on my stem? Look closely—they are cut into my very being. The cutting process was painful—I wondered at the time why I had to suffer—but it was my Master's own hand that used the knife, and when the work was finished, with a throb of unutterable joy, I recognized it was His own name He had cut on my stem. Then I knew beyond doubt that He loved and prized me, and wanted all the world to know I belonged to Him. I may well make it my boast that I have such a Master."

Even as the tree was telling us of its Master, we looked around, and lo! the Master Himself stood there. He was looking with love and longing on the tree, and in His hand He held a sharp axe.

"I have need of thee," He said. "Art thou willing to give thyself to Me?"

"Master," replied the tree, "I am all Thine own—but of what use can such as I be to Thee?"

"I need thee," said the Master, "to take My living water to some dry, parched places where there is none."

"But, Master, how can I do this? I can dwell in Thy living springs and imbibe their waters for my own nourishment. I can stretch up my arms to heaven, and drink

in Thy refreshing showers, and grow strong and beautiful, and rejoice that strength and beauty alike are all from Thee, and proclaim to all what a good Master Thou art. But how can I give water to others? I but drink what suffices for my own food. What have I to give to others?"

The Master's voice grew wondrously tender as He answered: "I can use thee if thou art willing. I would fain cut thee down and lop off all thy branches, leaving thee naked and bare. Then I would take thee right away from this thy happy home among the other trees, and carry thee out alone on the far hillside, where there will be none to whisper lovingly to thee—only grass and a tangled growth of briars and weeds. Yes, and I would still use the painful knife, for all those barriers within thy heart should be cut away, one by one, till there is a free passage for My living water through thee.

"Thou wilt die, thou sayest. Yes, my own tree, THOU wilt die, but MY Water of Life will flow freely and ceaselessly through thee. Thy beauty will be gone indeed. Henceforth, no one will look on thee and admire thy freshness and grace, but many, *many*, will stoop and drink of the life-giving stream which will reach them so freely through thee. They may give no thought to thee, it is true, but will they not bless thy Master, who has given them His water through thee? Art thou willing for this, My tree?"

I held my breath to hear what the answer would be. "My Master, all I have and am is from Thee. If Thou indeed hast need of me, then I gladly and willingly give my life to Thee. If only through my dying Thou canst bring Thy living water to others, I consent to die. I am Thine own. Take and use me as Thou wilt, my Master."

And the Master's face grew still more tender, but He took the sharp axe and with repeated blows brought the beautiful tree to the ground. It rebelled not, but yielded to each stroke, saying softly, "My Master, as Thou wilt." And still the Master held the axe, and still He continued to strike till the stem was severed again, and the glory of the tree, its wondrous crown of feathery branches, was lost to it forever.

Now, indeed, it was naked and bare—but the love-light in the Master's face deepened as He took what remained of the tree on His shoulders, and, amid the sobbing of all its companions, bore it away, far, far over the mountains.

But the tree consented to all for the love of the Master, murmuring faintly, "My Master, where Thou wilt."

Arrived at a lonely and desolate place, the Master paused, and again His hand took a cruel-looking weapon with sharp pointed blade, and this time thrust it right into the very heart of the tree—for He would make a channel for His living waters, and only through the broken heart of the tree could they flow unhindered to the thirsty land.

Yet the tree repined not, but still whispered, with breaking heart, "My Master, Thy will be done."

So the Master, with the heart of love and the face of tenderest pity, dealt the painful blows and spared not, and the keen-edged steel did its work unfalteringly, till every barrier had been cut away and the heart of the tree lay open from end to end, and the Master's heart was satisfied.

Then again He raised it and gently bore it, wounded and suffering, to where, unnoticed till now, a spring of living water, clear as crystal, was bubbling up. There He laid it down—one end just within the healing waters. And the stream of life flowed

in, right down the heart of the tree from end to end, along all the road made by the cruel wounds—a gentle current to go on flowing out, ever flowing, never ceasing—and the Master smiled and was satisfied.

Then the Master returned to His tree and lovingly asked, "My tree, dost thou now regret the loneliness and suffering? Was the price too dear—the price for giving the living water to the world?" And the tree replied, "My Master, no, a thousand times no!"—*From Daybreak.*

Tho values shrink and markets fail,
Tho gold depart and business rot,
Tho work decline and cheeks grow pale,
Tho lonely prayer be our lot—
Undying Christ, be Thou our ALL!
Thou wilt not fail—we shall not fall.

Tho leaders change and parties die,
Tho budget-balance men ignore,
Tho tariff's walls rise e'er so high,
Tho liquor's torrents flow once more—
Unchanging One, be Thou our ALL!
Thou wilt not fail—we shall not fall.

Tho Pacts are scrapped and Leagues depart,
Tho nations rise thru pagan rage,
Tho battle planes shade field and mart,
Tho cruel war our thoughts engage—
Almighty Christ, be Thou our ALL!
Thou wilt not fail—we shall not fall.

Tho Antichrist should raise his head,
Tho through his reign men's faith should fail,
Tho persecutions run blood-red,
Tho Christless hearts should fear and quail—
All-conquering Christ, Thou art our ALL!
Thou canst not fail—ne'er shall we fall.

—*George Guest Williams.*

A FRUITFUL HYMN

The choir will now sing Hymn 397, "Take me as I am." There is no hymn that has been blessed like this one. A Scotch girl in distress of mind, but with simple faith in Christ, said: "Lord Jesus, I cannat read, I canna pray, but tak' me as I am." A man in Glasgow was converted through the singing of this hymn before ever a word was spoken.

A young lady said that in singing it she gave her heart to Jesus to take it for Himself. In the East end of London, a poor woman heard the hymn being sung; and her neighbors heard her singing it as she lay dying not long after.

D. L. Moody.

First Impressions of Albania

By Edwin E. Jacques

"FAITHFUL is He that calleth you, who also will do it." Once more we have proved God's faithfulness. Our address is our testimony. We feel like singing with Moses and with Miriam, for a passage was made through the sea! When God called us, at the peak of the financial pinch last February, the requirements of a "faith board" seemed preposterous. But again God accomplished the humanly impossible. Indebtedness was met, equipment purchased and freighted over, passage provided, and supporters raised up. What more could we wish but this—a great volume of believing prayer that will clothe us with power and make our labors here effective in exalting the Lord Jesus Christ!

As we left the pier that noon, six weeks ago, the deafening roar of the whistle could not drown out the doxology that sang in our hearts. We had a smooth and rather uneventful crossing. Shared our deck space with 160 deported aliens. On a sunny day, the boisterous bambinos and the motley crowd compared favorably with any of Boston's numerous "ends." Conducted morning church service that Sunday on board. We also met a missionary and family returning to Nigeria, Africa, and had much fellowship together. Saw the "Emerald Isle" at close range, but failed to see England at all because of the darkness and fog. Landed at Havre, France, Thursday afternoon, and went on down to Paris that evening. The next day we visited the Institute Biblique, and were entertained by Prof. Nicole, a Gordon College classmate. Appreciated greatly the Christian charm of Dr. Saillen, also the interest of staff and students in our own European field. There was my introduction to the fine art of speaking through an interpreter. It seemed strangely difficult to proceed with this oft-interrupted line of thought, I meanwhile marveling that my own message could really sound so unintelligible. That afternoon we saw Paris.

For fifteen hours Saturday the train took us down country. Just at sundown we entered the passes of the French Alps, and until nightfall we literally hung out of the window to see the most inexpressibly beautiful mountain sunset ever within our privilege. For very obvious reasons, the entire journey was made by third class. We were agreeably surprised to find the accommodations not nearly so bad as had been pictured, and a good deal of the way we even had to ourselves a compartment seating eight persons. That nightfall five French youths sat with us. It being supper time, they all opened suitcases and proceeded to eat. A knife, fully ten inches long when open, was the principal weapon. With it they attacked round loaves of bread—very hard, judging by the sound—and solid pieces of meat. (One boy annihilated a roast chicken before our very eyes!) Chips of bread alternated with chips of meat. Then chips of bread alternated with chips of cheese. A bottle of wine apiece, and all was quiet on the western front. Though we betrayed no sign of amusement, inwardly we enjoyed the meal almost as much as they.

At the border we were delayed over customs, and what was our joy to have the steamship agent meet us with two lunches done up neatly in paper. Visions arose of chicken sandwiches and olives—perhaps even celery! So we invited the company of a young Indian sitting alone in the adjoining compartment. He contributed some apples, we the two lunches and some carefully hoarded chocolates. What was our consternation, when opening the bags, to find—some of the same very hard bread, a piece of cheese, slices of meat impregnated with garlic, and two bottles of sour-smelling beer! No chicken sandwiches! Not even a humble hot dog! We were impressed with the fact that we had left America. (P. S. Lunched on apples and chocolates.) However, we enjoyed meeting with this keen Indian, who had been studying in London for the government service. It was interesting to hear his attitude toward Christian work in his own country. He appreciated our medical, educational and social work, but believed we had no moral right to force our beliefs on others. Yet, he listened raptly as I told him simply of my own personal experience of salvation and power through the Lord Jesus.

We arrived in Torino, Italy, late that night. We had not slept five hours before a military band

burst into a march just three floors below our balcony. Sleepily we wondered how they had learned so quickly that we were in town. Appropriate words were just shaping themselves, but another band struck up. Until 9.00 A. M., bands blared in a confused medley; military and patriotic organizations paraded into the square; men, women and children jammed the great open plaza before the station. And Mussolini appeared, greeted by a deep-throated roar. Then came the rousing Fascist salute, an avalanche of echoing music from a score of bands, and the mass paraded through the city. It seemd such a coincidence that our one day in an Italian city should be Fascist Day; that for the first time since 1923 Mussolini should this day visit Torino; and that the hotel of our choice should face the square where the celebration centered. We'll remember Italy.

From a modern hotel we descended "to the benches." A twenty-hour ride faced us, and the Milan Express carried no sleepers. After midnight, however, only three of us were left in our compartment, so a middle-aged Italian stretched out on one seat, Mrs. Jacques on the other, and I on the floor. The sun finally rose on a balmy day, and all morning we rode along the very edge of the Adriatic Sea. It might have been the blue Sea of Galilee, with its boats and many-colored triangular sails, its nets and fishermen. We crossed over from Bari on the night boat, arriving at Durazzo, Albania, just before sunrise.

None but one in like circumstances can understand the feeling that came over us just then. All the past is past—the rest of our one life is to be spent in this strange land. Our first sight as we came on deck was of white stone or cement houses, with soft-red tile roofs, clustered on a low, sloping hillside. The first sounds came from a group of boys and men, sitting cross-legged on a narrow wharf. Their swarthy complexion and colorful rags suggested Algeria rather than Albania. A little cup of ultra concentrated Turkish coffee, thick and black, was the treat of some Albanians returning from Boston, and formed the first item on our list of "likes and dislikes."

While waiting at the Customs office, a number of nondescript "porters" became interested in our National Geographic magazine with its illustrated article on Albania. The brightly colored pictures delighted them, and a large group quickly went into a huddle. An officer insisted to our Albanian friends, however, that the article misrepresented his country. To justify himself, he pointed to the wide cobble-stone street, to the new modern bank of white stone, to the well uniformed soldiers and police. Yet, even as he spoke, small ponies and donkeys drew little cart loads of cement from the freight yards; dark Arab-like men drove lumbering bullock or ox carts from their cross-legged position on high seats. That afternoon, on a ten-hour drive to Kortcha, over one of Albania's very few through "highways," we passed probably three automobiles and four trucks, but loaded bullocks, oxen, and donkeys were innumerable. Albanian progress cannot yet compare with that of the most "way back" town in New Hampshire.

After bumping over amazing roads, in many places cut out of the rocky face of a mountain, and on the way replacing a broken rear axle, we reached Kortcha. Mrs. Kennedy, the teachers, and the boarding children quickly made us at home. Now, after only four weeks, we feel quite naturalized. Kortcha, with its 30,000 people, enjoys the reputation of being the most modern city in Albania. Yet, fresh from America, we somehow fail to be impressed. True, it boasts of electric lights, a few automobiles, one wide cobble-stone "boulevard," some stores which carry standard European goods, a bank, and a four-page daily paper. But the narrow streets, lined with high mud and stone walls which enclose courtyards and cement houses with red tile roofs; the people, some well-dressed and up-to-date, but more clad in picturesque multi-colored and multi-patched garments; the peddler's little donkey, with huge baskets of grapes or potatoes or onions slung over the saddle; the shepherd and flock at nightfall, returning through the streets from the bare mountains; or the market place, where little shops in the wall, on the curb, or in the street, deal with a confused jostling street full of men, women, children, burros, carts, dogs and cats—scenes just as Oriental as Jerusalem in the time of Christ.

And now, if ever, must God's power be shown. It has been such a joy here already, preaching and teaching the gospel. Mrs. Jacques has a Sunday and week-day Bible Class of Intermediate girls. Preaching duties are mine, having begun my first Sunday here. Sunday School opens at 8.30 A. M.

At 10.00 A. M., about 65 gather for the morning service in the school assembly room. The majority of these are adults, many of them being men. Only the higher type of Albanian attends this service. The ignorant dare not face the ostracism of friends or family, which might result from any open sympathy shown to the evangelical work. These must be reached by outside meetings. But the power of the prevailing systems is so great. So many are intimidated by it and refuse to be anything but the so-called "secret disciple," which is next to nothing. Naturally, they can know nothing of inner victory or of outer usefulness. Only four weeks on the field, yet it is already apparent that the one aim here must be a body of born-over Albanian witnesses to Jesus Christ. We ask you to pray to that end. Quite a number of people here in Kortcha understand English, having lived for a time in America. Because such can be reached without an interpreter, and because it attracts those who are eager to retain their knowledge of the English language, an all-English gospel service is held in the afternoon at 5.00 P. M. There is a difference of just six hours between Kortcha time and Eastern Standard time. So, while you hold your morning service, we are holding our evening service. You are all asleep during our morning service; we are all asleep during your evening service. Between us, we keep the light burning the day 'round.

Our full schedule has not yet been completed, but language study is our main consideration. With two Albanian teachers, we have five class hours a week, and a laboratory study all day long. Oh yes, we have sat through services and prayer meetings and Christian Endeavor meetings, and understood nothing but the hymn tunes! But one thing we have learned—we now recognize ourselves as "Zoti edhe zonje Xhejks," which is quite an accomplishment.

Mr. Kennedy is now in the States. He is available and would gladly speak anywhere on the Albanian work, with stereopticon slides, if desired. (Rev. Phineas B. Kennedy, 718 Kensington Ave., Plainfield, N. J.)

Thanksgiving is almost upon us. We will have turkey, but it will be quite a different Thanksgiving. Snow caps have already been seen on the mountains around us, so it will not be altogether out of season to wish each of you the joy of the Christian's Christmas, and a New Year of His highest. We think of you often, and the many pleasant features of our closing days there. Know that we do value your prayerfulness in our behalf.

A TIMELY VISIT

By Arthur Bluhm

YOUR letter with remittance for support, I was glad to receive. In returning thanks to you and the donor, we lift up our hearts in praise unto Him who supplies all our needs.

The Lord, our God, is graciously using my weak testimony for the salvation of precious souls. On last Lord's Day, I was invited by the minister of a Baptist church in the neighborhood to bring the message at their anniversary. The Spirit of the Lord worked mightily in the congregation and we were all richly blessed, while a number of souls received the Saviour.

On Wednesday nights I gather with a group of earnest Christians, fifty to sixty in number, to pray for special needs and for a revival among God's people in Latvia and abroad. The number is increasing from week to week, and we are able to give God the glory for answered prayer.

In my visitation work, I again experienced the mighty power of Christ to save the lost. I found a lady in great distress, and she at last confessed that she had been about to commit suicide. Her husband had gone security for some friends, and in a very short time they had lost all their wealth. Houses, money, her jewels, the furniture, even her piano—all were taken, and now it seemed as though life was not worth living. When I looked upon this afflicted lady with her two little children, it was hard to find a comforting word. I called on Him who is the beginning and the end of all wisdom and comfort, and it was not in vain. Very soon the lady could smile beneath the tears, as she looked upon her children and knew that God Almighty had saved her just to take care of her babies and to lead them to Christ and into everlasting life.

Pray for us, dear friends, for we need your earnest prayers.

Close fellowship with God involves special separation from the world.

—*A. Murray.*

Up and Down Poland

By Moses Gitlin

This article gives most interesting news of the missionary journeys of our Brother Gitlin. Dangers and opportunities of itinerant ministry, and customs of the people, are vividly described. Pray for this valued worker as he ministers to many, seeking to show the way of life and to establish believers. Note the open doors he has to preach and witness to Jews. Pray for him and them. We are glad, too, to have the good word he writes concerning some of our workers that he meets enroute and refers to in this article.

Among the Jews

THE Jews at the railway station were quite impressed at seeing my whole family come out to bid me farewell. In the town of Zdolbunow, I met a Jewish young man who, while in the compulsory military service four or five years ago, heard the gospel message through some believing Ukrainian recruits who were suffering for their conscientious scruples. The boy declared that of late his interest in the gospel had been revived to such an extent that he set out to find his old friends. He knew the name of only one, but not his address, so he went from village to village among the believers of the district of Wolyn, inquiring as to the whereabouts of his old friends. He joined us for a while, and later on from time to time showed up at the different places we visited. He has not found his friends yet, but he may have found his Messiah, for he has asked for baptism.

On my 17th journey I was accompanied by a young Hebrew Christian brother whom Radosc helped to come to a saving knowledge of the Messiah. He was a blessing and help to me on the journey, and was also liked by the believers. He avoids publicity, so I shall not mention his name.

In Zdolbunow I visited a Jewish family and was very warmly received. They were former neighbors of our colporteur, Brother Nahum Shuman, and undoubtedly he was used of the Lord as a testimony to them.

In the city of Ostrog we had a mass meeting for Jews, arranged by the Baptist Church of the village of Ploska, the home of our missionary, Brother George Nazaruk. It was held on a Saturday afternoon in the motion picture house of the town. Some estimate that there were some seven or eight hundred visitors, mostly Jews. My Hebrew Christian companion gave a message in Polish, Brother Zabko-potapowicz of Galicia, editor of the *Pislanietz Pravdy*, gave a message in the Ukrainian, while I concluded with a Jewish address. The meeting lasted for two and a half hours. It made quite a stir in the town. I have since received letters from believers there, telling of the continued interest of the Jews.

In the village of Mankiewicze, where the monthly Bible Courses were held, we had several special meetings for the Jews. There is a Jewish town some three kilometers away. The Jewish young people walked back and forth, even in the evenings. Sometimes as many as 150 of them would come out to a meeting. At one of these services, after my message, a young native evangelist, who had just returned from graduating in a Bible School in England, gave an invitation for sinners to repent. We were pleasantly surprised to see a young Jewish lad raise his hand and hold it up high for a few minutes. It made a big stir among the Jews present. Later on, the boy witnessed to them. Persecutions soon set in. All sorts of promises and proposals were made to the young man in order to draw him from the new stand he had taken. Pray for this young man, Samuel. The rabbi soon forbade his people to attend our meeting, and most of them refrained, being afraid of a possible anathema. Only a small group of the Jewish Socialistic party "Bund" remained faithful.

A young Jewess of that town, who had been one of those attending the meetings, presented me with a Zionistic calendar, putting into it her signature and an inscription, "In memory of an interesting meeting at the Baptist Assembly."

We had a large meeting for Jews in the church of our missionary, Brother John Gordiuk, in the town of Mlynow. The young people here, at least the more intellectual among them, have been greatly influenced by Bertrand Russell's ideas as embodied in "Marriage and Morals." They consider some sins as virtues. A group of these were honest in their desire to discuss this problem with me, as to whether what the Bible calls sin is really sin. They accompanied me for over a kilometer to Brother Gordiuk's home, where we had an earnest conversation.

Among the Roman Catholics

While on the train, on my way from Lublin to Kowel, a Roman Catholic priest entered my compartment. He was evidently one of the nobler of his kind, for he traveled third class. Noticing that I was studying the Bible, he peeped in, made an inquiry of me as to who I am and what I do, etc. I humbly replied, praying in my spirit for grace and wisdom. We mutually admitted some failures in our respective denominations and in stray individuals. This provided a common ground for conversing on the principles of religion, from a Scriptural standpoint. The image of the man remains before me, and I have prayed for him several times since. I endeavored to be attentive to him and to show him little kindnesses on the way. When he left the train, he bade me farewell.

During the evangelistic campaign in connection with the Bible Courses in Mankiewicze, many Poles of the Roman Catholic faith came to our meeting, from the estate of Count Rodziwil.

Being a foreigner, the police or secret service men often came to the meeting to investigate my political soundness. These men, as a rule, are Roman Catholic. While they are there, they hear the gospel.

Among the Pravoslavny

In the village of Podliscy, while at a meal in the home of a believer, a nun came in to collect gifts for the nearby "lavra" (monastery) of Poczajow. Noticing that there were Scripture texts on the wall instead of icons, she abruptly left the house, not even saying good-bye and refusing to accept anything.

In the village of Kolosowo, about twenty-five men came out to the public "Square" to get a glimpse of such a strange person as a Jewish Christian.

I visited the great monastery at Poczajow and saw the footprint which is said to be that of the mother of the Lord. I have a small bottle which has on it the inscription, "Holy Water from the Footprint of the Mother of God." On the opposite side of the bottle is the image of Mary, and on the other two sides are crosses.

A certain Russian gentleman, traveling with me on the train, noticed me studying my Bible and began to inquire "who is who" about me. When he learned my calling, he introduced himself by telling me that he is doing a good work, also, along similar lines. He is manager of a traveling motion picture theater. Of late he has been presenting a film which shows the "King of Kings." He told me how the village folks thronged the show, crying over the scenes. He was told of the better way of knowing Christ and making Him known.

Dealing with the Authorities

In a certain village we were met by the chief of police, who happened to be on his circuit march of inspection. He told us to "legitimate" ourselves, which I did. There was with me a Hebrew Christian sister who is a very courageous personal worker. When the chief got through with his inquiries, she said, "Now allow me to ask you, do you possess a passport for heaven?" "Yes, indeed!" replied the chief. He pulled out his pocketbook and took out a folded tract which presented, in an illustrated way, the broad and narrow roads. It was one of our Brother Stettler's tracts. It made me rejoice to see how the Lord was blessing the labors of one of our missionaries.

A few evenings later, the chief came into the prayer house in another village, after I was through with my preaching. Who knows but that he listened in from the outside? I sang for him a gospel hymn in Polish. A few weeks later, I was surprised to receive a request from the policeman who had accompanied the chief, asking that I send him the words and music of that hymn, which was entitled "Can You Wonder Why It Is I Love Him So?"

The new regulations for registration are severe and complicated. A foreigner must register after staying in a locality for more than 24 hours. I have to fill out three copies of a certain form, which would

require some thirty minutes even for the pen of a ready writer. Besides, it costs me the equivalent of 15 cents to register in and out. Happily, they do not demand the fee in all places.

While in the town of Mlynow, where Brother Gordiuk labors, I was amazed at the radical way in which they were cleaning up the town, putting up and repairing fences, whitewashing walls, etc. I found it was all in connection with the expected visit of the War Minister, who was to view the big maneuvres. I thought of the coming of the Lord and our preparation for it.

Interesting Types of Believers

A sister in Pietruchi, a recent convert, told us that she was deliberating as to whether the Lord would not want her husband and her to give up their farm and go about to tell the world of the Saviour they had found. This couple are always in haste when it comes to attending a meeting, not from a sense of duty as to punctuality, but because they fear they might miss a blessing. They told me that they are praying and longing to attend some big meeting of believers, such as a convention or conference. (The term, "Bible Conference," is not as yet used here, except by Americanized Russians.) These two are caring for all the minor expenses of the church, not letting anyone take the privilege away from them. Praise God! He always has his seven thousand and one!

I was accompanied on this journey, for a time, by a young evangelist just starting in the work, who, prior to his conversion, was a secret service man.

In a certain village, I was given a specially warm welcome by the leading brethren, who told me that they had awaited my coming with impatience, as they wanted to discuss with me the case of an excommunicated brother. Some two years ago, the presbyter of that assembly was convicted of sin through a message I gave, on one of my first missionary journeys. He immediately confessed to the church, in a general way, and excommunicated himself. To the older brethren he gave the details of his sin. He repented immediately, and appointed for himself a time of probation. That time had come to an end, yet he hesitated to have the privilege of full fellowship with the brethren until they would discuss the matter with me. They hesitated to write to me about it, so they waited these many months until I should come again. We spent several hours, first in private conference and Bible study and prayer with the brother, and then with the older brethren. The case was regulated and the brother was fully restored into fellowship and service.

Good Churches

In the village of P——, the gospel awakening came only a year ago. What a joy to see the believers aflame with their first love and following the pattern of the apostolic churches! The leader of the assembly is an alderman in the community, a giant of a man. What a beautiful picture to see a big and "great" man humbling himself at the door of the Kingdom of Heaven! The brother who guided me on my journey, a deacon, was giving them virgin instructions as to bread breaking, love feasts, the learning of hymns, buying of a larger lamp for the prayer room, etc. It made me feel as if I were at the beginning of the Christian era.

Good Meetings

In the village of Komarowka, the morning service was conducted in the open air, in the farm yard of our believing host. It was the Day of Transfiguration, according to the Julian calendar, hence the theme was "The Transfiguration of Christ." In the evening, at a crowded meeting, this time inside, I preached on "The Transfiguration of Christians" (II Cor. 3:18).

The Lord gave us three good meetings in the village of Kobyla, lying on the very border of the former Austrian frontier. The Ukrainians here belong to the Uniat Church, and speak Ukrainian exclusively. For the first time, I preached at length in the Ukrainian language. I have been invited to hold a week's Bible Courses there during the coming winter.

In the town of Mlynow, the home of our missionary, Brother John Gordiuk, the brethren arranged meetings for the whole week of my stay there. Souls were drawn to the Lord during these meetings.

Bible Questions

After the regular meetings, especially those for believers, we often have a Bible Question Hour. On these journeys I was asked a variety of questions. For instance, the meaning of the carcass and

the eagles (Matt. 24: 28); how long the Lord Jesus was in the heart of the earth in connection with Matt. 12: 40; the question about the unjust steward of Luke 16; the meaning of the word "Selah" in the Psalms.

At times we get queer questions. In Psalm one, according to the Russian version, it reads, "The ungodly shall not stand in the congregation of the righteous" or "will not be able to stand." "How is it," asked a man, "that I, an unrighteous man, can stand through a meeting of your believers? Does it mean that I am not a sinner, or that your believers are not a congregation of the righteous?"

Tract Distribution

Being a foreigner and having to walk very circumspectly, I usually abstain from broadcasting literature. It is also very burdensome to carry much literature with me, for while the brethren usually help us with their vehicles, or some younger brother accompanies us as a helper, still there are times when I have to walk several kilometers and carry my baggage. Now, with the development of my new ministry (which is really a return to my old ministry), namely, the conducting of local monthly Bible classes, as I am able to reside in one place for a longer period of time, I have better opportunities for tract distribution. I took with me a large suit case full of literature. I did not count it, but surely there must have been over 2,000 pieces of literature, including some portions of the Gospel, some New Testaments, Mr. Cohn's magazine in Yiddish, and many of Brother Stettler's tracts. It was all distributed at the close of the gospel meetings, and some given to the participants in the Courses, to be distributed in their respective localities. When tracts are given out in the train compartments, it is quite interesting to see how the passengers stop their conversation and the place is turned into a solemn reading room. Proverbs 27: 7 is true of the difference in the response to tracts in America and in this country.

Native Life

For economy's sake, most of the women of the peasant class, and some of the men also, when walking from their respective villages to the central meeting place or to the city, go barefooted, carrying their shoes in their hands. When they draw near to the town, they wash their feet, if there is water at hand, and put on their shoes.

The village of Kobyla is only three miles from the village of Gniezdyczna, but the difference in the customs of the two villages is very great. This is accounted for by the fact that formerly the Russian-Austrian border lay between the two villages. From the form of government of the village down to the decorative plates hanging on the walls, everything on the Austrian side is of a higher type, even though both sides of the former border line are inhabited by Ukrainian peasants.

Much hemp is raised here. In order to get the most out of it, the women pluck it out by hand, paying special attention to each stem separately. Poor women, what a hard lot is theirs! How hard they have to work for even their poor linen!

In the district of Krzemieniec there is a custom among the peasants that, after the sowing is finished, there is solemnly laid down on the center of the field a cross made of straw, or straw laid out in the form of a cross, for the sanctifying of the field and insuring of a good crop.

Upon walking to a certain village, I had the novel experience of meeting three herds in succession, of cows, pigs, and oxen, belonging to the landlord of the district. A bit of Oriental scenery!

Hygienic Conditions

One thing that impressed me profoundly on this journey, as illustrating the way that Christianity improves home conditions, was the home of our own missionary, Brother John Gordiuk. It would be hard to find a home which would surpass that of Brother Gordiuk in cleanliness, order, good taste, and Christian hospitality, as well as the Christian atmosphere. It is truly a Bethel. The children are kept so clean and are brought up so well that if a Polish official were to meet them on the street he would think they were the children of a landlord, or at least of an important Polish official. It is remarkable what the gospel of Christ, when well learned and thoroughly applied, does in the way of social and hygienic reforms. I believe that if all native Christian workers were to manifest such an applied Christianity, the native church would soon catch it up and that would lead to reform on a larger scale. An evangelized Poland would then look just as cultural as Christianized America.

In contrast to the above, I recall a home where, seeing the children uncombed, I tried on one of them my old tonsorial art, but oh, how shocked I was to find that my comb became all clogged up because the head of that poor child was full of sores and dirt.

I am often obliged to drink water from the very bucket from which the cattle just drank, as there is no other bucket available.

In a narrow compartment, third class, of a slow local train, a discharged soldier is returning home. Somewhere he has washed his feet, and he lies down at full length on the seat, drying his bare feet. His foot gear is hung up to dry, and he is teeming with perspiration—but he is afraid to have the window opened lest he should take cold. Pleasant traveling? Bon voyage? Yet, if the missionary were to murmur, he would have less opportunity for the one important topic of conversation. So we suffer the unpleasant and offer the pleasant.

Interesting Happenings

On the train. Fine weather outside. My eye slips away from the Book to get a glimpse of Nature. What are those moving figures that I see in the shadow of the train as it runs along? I notice that the attention of my fellow-travelers is also drawn to them. Perhaps five unemployed men are taking a free ride on top of the coaches. Oh no, they turn out to be five rascals whom the police were chasing! This daring feat is a rare occurrence in Poland. It looked like a real Chicago holdup affair.

And here is something of a musical nature. I find that guitar music is written out on a seven-note staff. The longer I live, the more I learn. This I learned in a home where there are three daughters, named respectively Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Tragic!

You are helping from time to time the young evangelist, Brother Andrew Myczko. His brother was out of work of late. A Russian proverb says that a drowning person will take hold of even a straw in the hope of being rescued. Well, this dear man got the job of night watchman in a lumber yard. He gets paid 90 groshy a night, which buys about three kilo of bread—and he is a man with a family! What extreme poverty! And yet the man is not complaining, but is happy even for that.

A young Ukrainian is seeking salvation. He began to read the New Testament and attend the gospel meetings. His father beat him and even attempted to kill him. The old man (true in this case!) is doing his best to get rid of the boy in order to turn his share of his inheritance over to the children of his second wife.

In the district of Zdolbunow, three sisters became insane. Prayer is requested in their behalf.

In the village of H—— there is a family, all the members of which became believers. A few years after their conversion, the father of the family became offended at the believers and joined the Adventists. Then he became disappointed in the Adventists. For the last two years he has been attending the services in the Jewish synagogue, and has even applied formally to go through the process of becoming a member of the synagogue. The Jews are postponing his case, seeing that he is quite old. We had a long talk and prayer with him.

Dangers

On these two trips I had quite safe journeys, feeling shaky only once. We were going through a very hilly district. It was dark and the way was slippery. We walked along a narrow, Indian-like trail, with a precipice to our left. It made me feel dizzy. At some points, when climbing the mountain, I actually had to crawl. What a relief to get through such a hike and put one's feet again on *terra firma*.

Funny!

I was fortunate on this trip to be invited by some one to go with them into the dining car for a hot drink. A young Jew came in bashfully. It was evidently a novel experience for this rising bourgeois, who, as I learned later, had a third class ticket. By drinking a cup of coffee now and then and buying cigarettes, he managed to travel as if he were first class. Soon he brought in his suitcase, hung up his coat, and made himself at home, which is not proper in the restaurant car in Poland. The folks smiled.

I was met by a young lady from abroad who was touring the country. Upon learning that I am a Jew, she inquired, "Do you hold a Jewish passport?" This may be advance prophecy, but it is certainly present naiveness. Evidently she did not believe in the irony of "a Jewish army and an Irish navy."

An old Ukrainian woman was asked to pose for a snapshot. It was a new experience. She was barefooted. When the operation was over, she said sadly, "Too bad that I didn't wash my feet better!"

A young village boy returned from France. While relating stories about that country, he said, among other things, "All the people in France have the Polish religion" (meaning the Roman Catholic faith).

The owners of a certain home are a bit better off than their neighbors, so they wanted their home to look city like. They, therefore, papered the walls of one of their rooms—but every roll of paper was of a different color and pattern.

In a certain Bohemian village, the Czech farmer said, "The bees of the Ukrainian peasant do not produce as thick honey as the Czech bees do."

In one of the meetings, a certain Jew objected to being addressed as a sinner. When his attention was called to the fact that in the special prayers on Mondays and Thursdays the Jews say, "Oshamnu," he replied, "Well, then, on Mondays and Thursdays I am a sinner, but not on other days."

"I am very thankful for the help from the American Christians. Up to this time we have had occasional meetings in different villages. Now it seems necessary that we have a permanent place for our services. In the village of Lebez, we have eleven church members, so we decided to have two meetings there weekly. In addition to that, we devote our evenings to singing. Brother Mosherenok brought us a portable organ. Our fellowship in the Lord is precious. We read the Scriptures in turn, and we feel the presence of the Lord in our midst. Sometimes people pray in our meetings for the first time. In some villages the people would like to beat us, but we are protected by our Lord."

IVAN MORIAKOFF (Esthonia).

"My health is not good. The people around me need spiritual upbuilding, for the material crisis has caused some to be weakened spiritually. The Word of God which we preach brings comfort to souls. We had a Conference of the believers for three days, and it was a blessed time. In October, I visited 34 families and held 19 meetings."

K. JAROSZUK (Poland).

GEORGE NAZARUK AND FAMILY

A WORD OF GREETING

BY GEORGE NAZARUK

GREETING in the Name of Jesus Christ to everybody in the Fellowship. May God's rich blessing rest upon all of you, my dear American brethren and sisters. This is my earnest prayer, and has been throughout this year of 1932.

Thank you for your interest in the needs of Brother Polamarchuk. He is very grateful to you for putting his request in THE HARVEST FIELD, and is very thankful to the Lord for moving the hearts of His people to help him. Brother Neprash knows him, for Brother Polamarchuk was one of his students. Brother Gitlin also can tell you about him, for he visited his village and preached there and also learned to know Brother Polamarchuk and his great zeal for the Lord.

I want to send to all the brethren and sisters in the Fellowship my hearty greetings and best wishes for a Happy New Year.

"Thank you very much for the help sent to me. I am continuing my work on the frontier of Russia and am visiting the brethren in Finland. The Lord is near to us."

NIKITA MOSHERENOK.

THANKFUL AMIDST TRIAL

Harbin, China,
November 2, 1932.

DEAR BROTHER HOGG:

Peace be unto you. I received your three letters, written in August and September, but our mail is not regular in delivery. I am very thankful for your brotherly care for us, especially in these hard times. The flood has caused many unforeseen losses and expenses. Many of our belongings were spoiled, and much was destroyed. The water was over a foot high in my house and remained there for a month and a half. It left the house very damp, and it does not dry out very readily in the winter, but it is impossible for me to get another house, because the rental price is very high for the houses that escaped the flood. However, I am trusting in the Lord, even though we know the future holds much difficulty in store for us, for the flood may be repeated. The water in the river receded very little, and in that state it froze.

There is so much water around us that we had great difficulty in finding a place to hold our baptismal service. Only on the other side of the river could we find a place under water on which we were able to stand firmly. We had a week of prayer from October 24th to 30th, having meetings daily.

It is impossible for us at this time to do any evangelical work beyond Harbin, for there is no possibility of communication. Living is difficult, and the spirit is oppressed. The flood conditions, depression in business, much unemployment, and awful events taking place all around us—all these are hard to bear. We believers live by the mercy of God and, being saved, we know that everything is taking place according to God's will. We thank Him for everything and we rejoice in Him. Pray for us. Never forget us. We thank you for your help in the work of the gospel. Greetings to the brethren.

Your humble brother in the Lord,
S. P. BADANTSEFF.

Brother S. Lipen writes from Harbin: "Some time ago a sister became very ill. After some treatment, the physicians gave up all hope for her, but the heavenly Physician is more powerful than the earthly. Brother Badantseff, in company with other believers, went to the home of our sister. There they prayed and besought the Lord to heal her. She was anointed according to God's Word, and the Lord manifested His mercy and healed her. We thank the Lord."

WHY NOT PRAY FIRST?

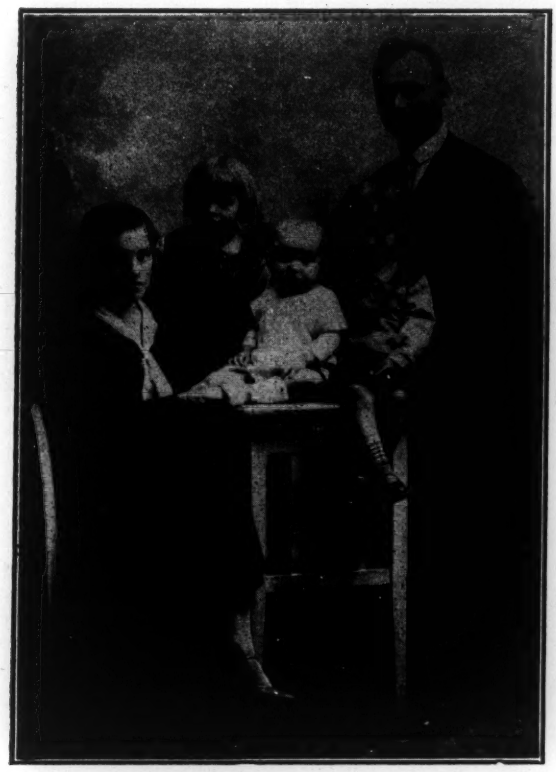
From the Nashville prayer group comes this word: "The monthly day of prayer has been such a blessing that a few of us observe it each Wednesday. The day is spent in prayer and in Bible study, and is proving a marvelous blessing. God is leading into the deep truths of His Word. We are asking for the fulness of Christ within us. The first Wednesday in each month we take an offering for the work of the Fellowship."

From Chattanooga comes this good news: "The day of prayer in the Northern Presbyterian Church continues to be held monthly. It has proven a great blessing in developing the spiritual life of the church, as well as bringing about an increased attendance." This is an outgrowth of the Day of Prayer conducted by the women of the churches. They meet monthly and are writing of answered prayer and that they go on expecting a revival. In one of the evangelistic campaigns, 10,000 accepted Christ, and many Bible Classes have sprung up among the converts.

"Last month I was invited to another village to attend the wedding of a friend. On that journey, I met Brother Stettler and we traveled together for a few days. We had blessed fellowship with our Lord and His children. With His help, we arranged a six-weeks' course of music to aid the leaders of choruses in the different churches around us. I am very busy just now, because part of that work is my responsibility. I greet you and all the dear friends in America who are interested in the Lord's work here."

JOHN GORDIUK (Poland).

"Your magazine is a continued blessing to me. I can hardly wait each month for my paper. I wish it was in every home. I don't see how any one could read of the faith and courage of the people in need, hunger, and suffering and yet able to send portions of Scripture to encourage others, and fail to pray."



I. Hamaliuc and Family

Varied Activities For Our Lord

By Ilie Hamaliuc
(*Roumania*)

ALTHOUGH I am kept very busy here in town in connection with the Assembly, I have had the opportunity of visiting some of the villages recently.

In F——, where some souls recently accepted the Lord as their Saviour, we had a meeting with a number of believers from other villages in the same neighborhood. Some who had never heard the gospel before, came with them, and though there were not very many unsaved present, we had much joy in proclaiming the "Glad Tidings" to so many different nationalities. There were present Roumanians, Poles, Ruthenians, Russians and Hungarians. How wonderful it is, what the Lord has done! Formerly we hated one another; now, praise Him, we love each other and are one family in Him and, as brothers and sisters, praise Him for His mercy and lovingkindness.

In another village, C——, I was called to conduct a funeral. An elderly sister had passed away. Her husband and children were not believers, but before she passed away she told her husband that she wanted to be buried by the brethren. The husband was a heavy drinker, so one of the prominent members of the church (Orthodox) came and offered him a lot of alcohol, if he would agree to let the priest bury her. Strange to say, the husband refused, and complied with the wishes of his departed wife. Here also, many heard the gospel for the first time, and many shed tears.

Some days later, we had quite an interesting ceremony in our Siret Assembly. Two young couples were united in matrimony, in the presence of a large crowd. The hall was crowded, and it was with much joy that the gospel was proclaimed in Roumanian and Ruthenian. The large crowd was most attentive, many being convicted and shedding bitter tears. We trust that the seed sown may have fallen on fruitful ground. The fact that these four young people went through our Sunday School and Young People's Class, and that two of them sang in our choir, caused us to thank the Lord for the way He had kept and led these young souls.

I also had the privilege of preaching in the village street. Here I could give out the gospel in two languages, Roumanian and Ruthenian. It gave me great joy to see how the people listened, with tears in their eyes. Here also the Lord is working and the Assembly is steadily growing, especially since the people are finding out that the authorities are unable to do anything to hinder the coming together of His children. The believers here have suffered much persecution for His Name's sake, but, praise Him, souls are being born into the kingdom. Even the wife of the former mayor, who had persecuted the believers so much, was present and listened with much interest and joy to the Word.

As I look back upon the activities of the past year, I can only praise and glorify Him for the way He has kept us and blessed the scattering of the seed. In spite of much persecution and many hindrances, the number of believers is constantly increasing. We are now laboring among Roumanians, Ruthenians, Poles, Russians, Germans, Hungarians, and Jews.

We thank the dear friends in America for the continued material assistance and for their prayers. May the dear Lord abundantly bless all who love Him!

"IN LABORS MORE ABUNDANT"

By Fred Stettler

AS WE review the past year, we are reminded of our indebtedness to all those friends who, under God, have been the human stewards and instruments for keeping us on the field to put forth evangelistic efforts. The following lines will be an attempt to acknowledge the goodness of God to us, and also an encouragement to those who have remembered us in their intercessions and prayers. Some have shown their love to us by sending us Christian tracts, pamphlets, books, and magazines of a high quality, which have meant so much to us and have been a great help in the work here. We have profited much ourselves thereby and have passed on ever so many helpful mesasages. We are also reminded of the precious and sacred gifts that sacrificial stewards have entrusted to us, without which the work, humanly speaking, would have been impossible.

In the course of the year, we were able to visit 51 villages, towns, and cities, in which we held about 300 public meetings among Germans, Poles, Ukrainians, and Jews. Here and there it has pleased God to save men and women, and we are so glad that our testimony has not been in vain. During the whole of the year, a class of young ladies, taught by Mrs. Stettler, met weekly in our home for Bible study and prayer. It is increasingly visited by girls of the province, who have found work in this large city and a snug corner in our home.

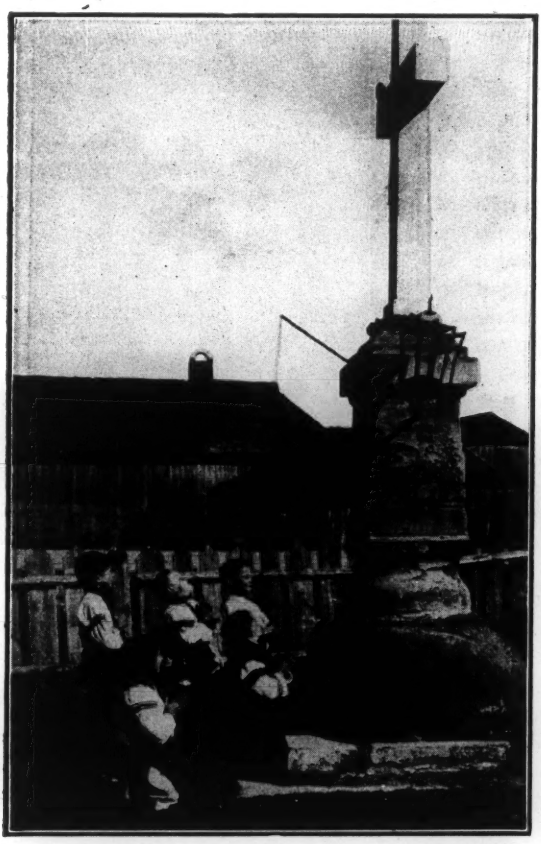
Through the faithful and sacrificial offerings of friends, we were able to purchase this year 520,000 Polish evangelistic papers, and print 190,000 Polish, 90,000 Russian, and 40,000 Ukrainian gospel tracts. For the furtherance of the gospel among Jews, we were enabled to print 5,000 copies of the Gospel of Luke according to the new Yiddish orthography. To help the children and Sunday School teachers in Poland, we printed 2,000 sheets (16,000 cards) of illustrated German Scripture text cards, 1,000 sheets in the Russian, and 1,000 sheets in the Polish language. In order to reach the general public, we inserted weekly an evangelistic large-faced type Scripture verse in one of our daily newspapers. Before the New Year, an edition of a Polish Scripture subject index is expected to come off the press. In it are treated about 300 of the most vital Scripture themes, and about 5,000 Scripture references are given. In a land, and among a people, without a concordance, such a little work is of great importance. Our monthly German magazine, "Heilsame Lehre" (Wholesome Doctrine), was regularly published, and a total of about 15,000 magazines have gone to about fifteen different countries of the world. It is practically self-supporting. The Swiss general secretary of the Berean Band has entrusted us, as in previous years, with the German, Russian, and Polish editions of the Berean booklets, of which 5,000 Russian, 2,000 Polish, and 1,500 German copies were published.

Now these are some of the bare facts around which the story of our work, lives, and prayers cluster. They constitute that which was done—and we have never mentioned the things that had to be left undone, awaiting the crisp new year ahead of us. I am afraid that the new year will be too short to do it all, especially if we look at the needs of the millions of this country, whose debtors we are.

It is our sincere desire to thank you, one and all, for every evidence of love that has been shown to us and the work here. We solicit your continued interest in behalf of the work in Eastern Europe, and more particularly Poland, during the coming year.

"So have I strived to preach the gospel" (Rom. 15: 20).

"Oh, what wonderful blessings we have received through reading your European Harvest Field! We certainly could not get along without it."



CARPATHO-RUSSIAN CHILDREN WORSHIPING THE CROSS

Victory Over False Teaching

BY JOHN KOVALCHUK

I AM glad to tell you that this field, Carpathian Russia, to which the Lord has sent us, is gradually opening more and more widely to us. We get more calls from different places than we are able to fill. Both my wife and I visit and hold meetings in different places. Sometimes we go separately in order to cover more ground.

We are beginning to get ready for the Christmas holidays. There are so many children who wish us to teach them the Word of God and to organize a Sunday School for them. They want to memorize Scripture texts and spiritual poetry, hear Bible stories, and sing gospel hymns, etc. They beg us to let them have a Christmas program. They love to tell the stories, recite poetry and Scripture texts, and sing hymns during the Christmas holidays. We plan, the Lord willing, to have such programs for the children in several different places. It furnishes a very good opportunity to testify, not only to these children but also to their parents and other grown folks who would attend. The Christmas holidays here take almost a whole month. Some people keep them according to the Roman Catholic calendar, and others according to the Greek Orthodox. So we are both specially busy just now, trying to get ready for the holidays.

I am sending you here a picture of Greek Orthodox children in Carpatho-Russia, worshiping a cross by the wayside. The grown people do the same thing, for they do not know anything better. They must be taught how to worship the Lord

I wrote you last year about the activities of the Russellites here in Carpathian Russia. Many thousands of their books, besides other literature, were freely given away, and of course many people were poisoned with their Satanic doctrines. I am very glad to say, however, that the Lord has given us a great victory along this line. Recently four outstanding Carpatho. Russian Russellite leaders here forsook Russellism. They denounce it openly, going from place to place and telling their own people that Russellism is wrong, proving it from the Word of God. One of these leaders said that he alone distributed more than 50,000 large Russellite books while he was working with them. Now he wants to go to all those places where he distributed the books, convincing the people that Russellism is wrong and handing them the Word of God instead. These leaders and their people are asking us to visit these different places, helping them to undo this work, especially in this critical time. Some of the people still hold to Russellism, but it seems that most of them are earnestly seeking the truth. We need much wisdom and strength, both physical and spiritual. Please pray for us.

I have already written you that this year is unusually hard for these people, many of whom have no food at all. We are hearing of many awful

robberies and murders in different towns and villages, as a result of these conditions.

A DAY OF BLESSING

By Philip Manetz

PRAISE God for His unfailing grace! In spite of all hindrance and opposition of Satan, the work of the Lord is progressing and His blessing is resting upon it. Many villages which were closed to the gospel are now opening their doors, and the people are inviting us to come over to them and preach the good news of salvation.

People are rapidly discovering the folly of their man-made religion. Many are getting interested in the gospel. Last Lord's Day we held a gospel meeting in a near-by village, where many deacons and elders of the Greek Orthodox church live. One of the head deacons was present at the meeting. The house was packed with eager listeners. By the grace of God, I preached on the theme, "Salvation by Faith," using the Scripture texts, Rom. 1:16; I Cor. 15:1-4; Phil. 1:27; Mark 1:15. With God's help, I proved to them by the Scriptures that salvation is alone by faith in God's holy Word and the precious Blood of Jesus (Rom. 3:21-26). We were conscious of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. There was quietness and order in the meeting, and great attention to the Word of God. We closed the meeting with prayer. While we were praying, the deacon observed that we had our eyes closed. As soon as we had finished the prayer, he jumped to his feet, crying, "You are closing your eyes in prayer, and you are closing the eyes of the people," and he hurried away. However, no one was disturbed by his action, and the people asked us to come again. Please pray for the salvation of this deacon and the other people.

At 6 P. M. we held a gospel meeting in our own village, Stara Wies. I was led to speak on the 20th chapter of Exodus, showing them the folly of image worship and that God strictly forbids image worship and abhors every abominable invention of man. Salvation is alone by faith in the Word of God (Eph. 2:8, 9) and the precious Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. 3:21-26). Again we felt the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the meeting. Thus we closed the day with rejoicing and great blessing. Praise God! Please pray for these

Philip Manetz

people and for the Lord's work here. May the gracious Lord keep us faithful in these evil days!

Prayer Requests

Please pray for a musician in our village. He is a great instrument in Satan's hand and is drawing the young people from the whole village after him. Pray that he might be saved and use his talent for God.

Thank God for answered prayer. The demon-possessed man is much better. Please pray for his soul's salvation.

Please pray for the little town of Zalinka, which is a great center for the gospel but Satan is strongly opposing. Please pray for the leader in this Satanic opposition.

Please ask God's blessing upon the Gospels and tracts which we are distributing.

Please pray for a revival in the hearts of God's people along the line of reading of the Word of God and prayer.

"Enclosed find $1.00, which renews my subscription for this blessed magazine, The European Harvest Field. It helps me to know the situation and need in Europe as none other does. May the Lord's rich blessing be upon this work!"

MONEY NEEDED FOR YIDDISH SCRIPTURES

By Isaac Sofer

WE RECEIVED your letters, with the enclosed checks, and thank you for them. Not because we are worthy, but because of His own mercy He is so good to us. We pray constantly for you, as well as for all the saints. This is our joy and strength—the consciousness that He is hearing our prayers in the name of His Son and for the glory of His Son.

The third of November we returned from a visit to our mother in the city of Wilno. We are glad and thankful to the Lord for the privilege we had of visiting Wilno and testifying of Him before many of our relatives and acquaintances. The Lord strengthened our faith in the following way to trust Him for their salvation. We stayed in the home of my mother while we were visiting in Wilno. She lives in a little two-roomed house. My sister and her husband also live there. They are very simple people. My sister is very kind to us personally, but is antagonistic to the truth. Her husband is somewhat sympathetic toward the believers. During our stay in Wilno, he went with us a few times to visit the meetings of the Russian believers. Once, when I returned from a meeting in company with my brother-in-law, my sister became very angry because her husband had visited the meetings. She was also displeased with me for taking him. The Lord gave me grace to meet the wrath of my dear sister. I continued to pray for her, trusting the Lord to do what He wishes to do for her, in His own time.

A few days later, we were surprised to hear that my sister had gone with her husband to a meeting in a Jewish mission in Wilno. She was not pleased with what the missionary said, namely, his proving that the Jewish religious customs are not from God, but that they are "taught by the precept of men" (Isa. 29: 13), but the fact that she was willing to go with her husband to a Christian meeting gave Mrs. Sofer and me much joy and encouraged us to pray and to trust God for their salvation.

Our Saturday evangelistic meetings at the Ogrodowa Hall are continuing. His Spirit is in our midst. God is giving us earnest listeners, who pay close attention to our messages.

We need funds for Scriptures and gospel portions in the Jewish language. We are at present using Scriptures which are printed in an old Yiddish language. The modern Jews feel that they are poorly written and would prefer to have them in a better Yiddish. We have here a young Hebrew-Christian, Benjamin Muler by name, who is one of the converts of the former "Radosc Bible Courses." This brother has translated the epistles of James and Peter into good Yiddish, and his translation has the approval of the Hebrew-Christians here. Such a good translation of the Scriptures into Yiddish is a new and very necessary thing, for the reason above given. Our Brother Muler needs about $15.00 in order to print 2,000 copies of the Epistle of James. We will pray that the Lord will move some of His own to help us secure Scriptures for our Jewish people in Warsaw. It is not difficult for God to help us in this matter, even in the present hard time. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

SOWING THE SEED

By C. Marvakoff

"BEHOLD, a sower went forth to sow." Now is the time to sow, and our Lord and Master wills that God's Word should be scattered among all people and nations. He is expecting His servants to scatter the seed, and He Himself will cause it to bear fruit. Therefore, by the grace of God, I am traveling from one village to another, from man to man, to bring the gospel to them. The Lord willing, I shall rent a room in one of the villages this winter to hold some meetings.

A missionary, Mr. Cooper, who is visiting our evangelical churches, came to me and told me that he would like to visit the work among the Pomaks. We went together into a village where the Pomaks live. We had a lantern and slides with us and showed them some pictures of Joseph during his life in Egypt, and also the Prodigal Son. The people seemed very grateful and invited us to come again.

Thus far I have visited 22 villages, some often and others less frequently. I have found that most of the people can neither read nor write, and for that reason they are not able to comprehend fully what the gospel is and what it will do for men. This is really a problem in the work. Now the children are learning to read in Bulgarian, however, and in time the gospel will be read by the young men.

All things that are impossible with men are possible with God. Therefore, we are willing to continue to preach the Word of God among the Pomaks, and God will add His blessing. I send hearty greetings to all of you.

ENCOURAGEMENT ALONG THE WAY

By Charles Lukesh

The following are extracts from letters we have received from those who have received literature from us:

"Thank you for the tracts sent to me. Send me, from now on, at least ten of each new number. I like them very much. The growing 'joy' about which you ask me manifests itself in me in the words—serving, serving, serving. I am a stone mason and have so much joy in serving that the Lord even takes away the weariness after working hard all day."

"I received a few of your tracts. Since I like them, and I also want to be a decided follower of the Lord, I would ask you to send me further numbers, also some for distribution."

A post office employee writes: "Please send me a Bible free, for by its help I want to find peace for my sinful soul."

"I am still a Roman Catholic, but have come to a knowledge of the truth by the help of a Bible and your tracts. I would like very much to be able to come somewhere where I could perfect myself in the faith of our fathers. Would be willing to do any kind of work, even without pay."

"By the leading of the Lord, your *Monthly* came into my hands and in it I found the true way of salvation. It moved me very deeply. I urgently beg of you to show me further the way that leads to salvation. Being poor and without work at present, I would ask you to kindly send me a Bible free, that I may be further instructed in the Word of God."

Mrs. E——, on receipt of my letter, got out her Bible, which she had laid aside. She has already read the Gospels, especially John, six times, and the Epistles. She has found out now that, being at home sick, she can better meditate on the Word than when she formerly heard it in the church. "Your letter and the Gospels lead me to other thoughts . . . Your letter and the pamphlets I read often, and draw from them strength, consolation, and hope."

Mr. T—— asks for further tracts, wanting to be better informed, and offers to contribute from his experiences in a Romish monastery. He repeats three times that our papers to him must be sent free of charge.

"I have read and distributed your tracts for a long time, for they breathe with life. Here in Z—— there is only darkness. They do not know about the living Christ, only the dead One on the cross. Please send me various tracts for about a dollar. I testify wherever I have an opportunity, or at least give out a tract."

"We are here among the Germans for two weeks' vacation. Please send me some German tracts, for the people here are all Catholics and I do not believe that any work for the Lord has yet been done here."

Mr. M—— asks us to send him some tracts, if possible. He says: "I know the Lord will bless this spreading of the gospel, for I myself was awakened a year ago by the reading of a printed message. I hope that each one who has drunk from the fountain of living water, will lead others also to it, like the woman of Samaria."

You can imagine the time it takes to answer such requests. We must forego our more regular correspondence and rely on your faithfulness to hold us up. Some few send something for tracts, but the vast majority would not receive them if any price were asked. Is it worth while to give the message free? We trust you to bear up our needs before the Throne of Grace.

GOD'S DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH

By Nahum Shuman

PEACE be unto you from God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and may it be multiplied unto you! Dear ones in Christ, it is the desire of my heart to share with you one of my experiences in the month of November, while laboring in God's harvest field. Forgive me for taking your time, but I believe that with the joy wherewith I rejoice you will rejoice also. Even though I was nigh unto death, the Lord became at that time my buckler, according to His promise

to Abraham, as well as to the seed of Abraham (Gen. 15:1; Deut. 33:29).

As you already know, I have been working this month in the city of Warsaw, doing my usual daily work for the Lord. To me, the least of Christ's servants, is this privilege given. On the 17th of the month, arriving in Warsaw and alighting from the train with a prayer that the Lord would protect me that day from the irritated enemy and his ministers, I began to distribute tracts. I gave out 180 tracts, bearing the title, "God's Glory, the Worth of Man, Sin and Salvation." It is a tract written in Yiddish. I also succeeded in conversing with several young Jews concerning their souls' salvation.

I reached Grzybowska Street and there began my ordinary work. I went from house to house, and from store to store, handing every one some literature and reminding them of the necessity of salvation from sin. Time was flying—it was about 2 P. M. I began to feel hungry, but I joyfully continued the work which the Lord had committed to me, the unworthy one.

As I went along the street, I noticed a certain Jewish young man peeping out of a door. I approached him and handed him a tract. He readily received it and thanked me for it. I thought of going on, but suddenly the young man called me into the house. At first I was not disposed to enter, but I felt the leading of the Spirit and I followed the young man. A conversation commenced. Then the Jews in the house became irritated, calling me "soul catcher." I joyfully read to them Jeremiah 16:16 and Mark 1:16 and 17. I told them, "My Master said that before the destruction of the second temple, and thus He did with us. You call us nicknames, but we rejoice."

One of that little audience suddenly remarked to me, "You Christians are such holy people and speak only about God; why does it go so ill with the Christians?" I did not understand him at first. Then he went on to explain his statement: "Look here, are not the Catholics and the Russian Orthodox Christians as well as you?" I replied to him: "The Catholics and the Pravoslavny are not Christians. It is on account of such that there are so many poor and unemployed people. Look at the early Christians. They did not commit murder, they did not become intoxicated, they did not steal. They loved everybody and hated only sin." I opened to them the New Testament and read in the book of the Acts, from the first to the close of the fourth chapter. One of the young people said, "That is the very thing we would like to have here in Poland." I told them that the people in Russia are also desirous of having such conditions, but that they were not succeeding, and would not succeed, because they were trying to do it without God. With God, everything is possible. We see that the first Christians could attain it through their Lord, for all authority and power is given to Christ for His earnest and righteous followers.

Suddenly one of the young people said, loud enough for all to hear, "I see that everything in the Gospels is true, while in the Talmud there is hatred and untruthfulness." Then an old man arose and shouted, "Get out of my house!" I did not oppose him, but started to leave. When I was about to open the door, *there suddenly flew right past my face a big pair of scissors*, which struck the door, breaking a window pane in it. I turned and looked upon my opposer, not knowing what would become of me. I succeeded in telling the old man that he was in danger of being punished for murder. He was so irritated that he got hold of the flatiron and was about to throw it at me, but one of the younger men grasped his arm. I left the place with gratitude to God for His love and His care for me. Truly, the Lord is my shield. I asked the Lord at that time to forgive the old man, for he knew not what he was doing.

Dear ones, I beg you, in the Name of the Lord, to pray for the nation of Israel, and also for me, the weak fellow-laborer on God's harvest field. Help us, dear ones, with your prayers, for we often have to fight with the opposers of the truth. I leave home at 9.42 A. M. and return at 10 P. M. It is my joy to visit the homes of the people and urge them to seek the Lord for the salvation of their souls. I believe that God's Word will not return to Him void (Isa. 55:11). Let us be in earnest and go forward for the Lord. With Him we shall conquer everything.

With disciples full of faith in Himself and bold in prayer to ask great things, Christ will conquer the world.

—A. *Murray.*

NEWS FROM RUSSIA
(Translated from Russian)

SPIRITUAL MESSAGE FROM A BANISHED PRIEST

WE HAVE frequently published letters that were written by evangelical Christians in exile. This time we wish to present a letter written by a Russian Orthodox bishop from his place of banishment in the far north. It is quoted from the messenger of the Russian Christian Student Movement. The bishop writes as follows:

"I received your parcel and thank you for your interest in me. The food had remained fresh and everything came through safely. It brought comfort to many of us, for most of the banished receive no parcels.

"The Lord is strengthening us with His grace. Spring is here now, navigation is opened, the days are warm and bright, and the northern nights are beautiful. Our living conditions have improved with the coming of spring, and I am getting along pretty well. I am working hard and feel that manual labor has strengthened me. At first it was rather hard to carry heavy burdens, but now I can turn out very heavy stones without any injury to myself. I feel that the Lord is turning everything to my benefit and my spirit is cheered.

"My pride suffered much at first, but after the Lord granted me the gift of humility, I was no longer troubled. The Lord is still working along this line. I thank Him for it all and am not angry with anybody. I consider my imprisonment as a means of cure, and I beseech the Great Physician to heal me completely of those infirmities which are known only to Him. Of course, the process of cure is not always easy. Sometimes we have to take very bitter medicine or undergo a serious operation. Right here is where patience is very necessary. We need not only blind or dull submission to circumstances, but the ability to joyfully accept all our troubles. We need to drink of the cup of suffering as a medicine that will do us good.

"When your physical man is suffering from illness or from offenses on the part of others, and your inward man is boiling with opposition so that you are angry and discouraged—then you may know that you do not possess patience. Therefore, every one of you should seek to understand the aim of all the trials which the Lord permits to come into your lives. It is an opportunity to beseech our Saviour to send us meekness and patience. It is very profitable for us to suffer, and it is in accordance with God's will. Bear patiently everything that the Lord sends to you. Let Him keep you in quietness of soul and with the asurance that everything is for your good. This gift of peace comes to you from the Heavenly Father—to Him I commit all of you.

"A year has passed since I saw you. At that time I was so troubled, while awaiting decision as to my fate. And it was—banishment! Why it was so, I can better understand now. The Lord is seeking to improve us sinful ones, sometimes through kindly admonition and love and comforts, and at other times through sickness and suffering. Let us accept everything in meekness of spirit.

"On Easter night we met in the church. We had chants to confess our sins before taking part in the Holy Communion.

"If you are seeking earnestly to know your own heart and to become humble, then I rejoice over you. Try to find out what there is in you that displeases the Lord, and be troubled about that. This is the will of the Lord and will be a spiritual help to you."

FROM THE RUSSIAN PRESS

A PEASANT who had been banished to Siberia, describes some of the conditions as follows: "If a man comes to the office and asks for some of the necessities of life, and expresses dissatisfaction when he is refused, he is regarded as an agitator against the bolshevik authority. In the camp of the banished, people are suffering a 'living death.' In one camp alone, not less than one hundred people died from starvation. Laborers, officials, soldiers, and priests live together in these camps. The priests suffer more than the others. There are many monks who manifest real heroism of faith. In spite of cruel treatment, many of them do not discard their crosses or New Testaments,

and early in the morning they are heard praying aloud. Women suffer from immoral conditions. None of these people are banished for less than three years." The author of these lines made his escape, but for obvious reasons did not give the details of his flight.

EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA FROM A PROMINENT RUSSIAN ORTHODOX WRITER'S VIEWPOINT

MR. V. ZENKOVSKY has been noticing the growth of the evangelical movement in Russia and he makes the following interesting remarks:

"The movement is a moral one, but lacks dogmatic teaching. Sectarianism is not a return to the early Christianity. The chief feature of this movement is its simplicity. We can not fail to see the power that permeates sectarianism because of the fact that *they love Christ*. It is true that this love does not take the place of connection with the Orthodox Church and that sectarians hate the historical church. In their activity there is much negative and destructive power, and in this lies the error of the sectarians.

"The sectarians, however, have some advantages, especially in the fact that what they offer to the people is very clear and comprehensible. Our church services are not clear to the people, even to the intelligentsia. God's Word is read in the old Slavonic language, the knowledge of which has almost been lost. The sectarians read God's Word in the Russian language and, as they have no rituals, their teaching is readily understood. This is a very serious subject for consideration on the part of the Orthodox priests and bishops.

"The trouble with the language is not the only one. In the growth of sectarianism in Russia, we see the spiritual thirst of the nation. The greatest need is to have Christianity manifested in the life. The nation faces the fact of the awful disconnection between the church and the life. The truths of the church and the truths of everyday life have become quite different truths. Sectarianism meets this need of the soul, and even though it does it in a very simple way, yet it is real and genuine. Sectarianism impoverishes Christianity, seeing in it only a moral side, but it is warm with a deep and eager love for Christ and it seeks an adaptation of faith to life.

"What shall the Russian Orthodox Church do? I think it should struggle less with the sectarians and not oppose them. We must make our own decision in the spirit of orthodoxy. If we would try to satisfy the spiritual seeking of the soul only with the confession of the beauty and truth of orthodoxy, it would mean that we are too deaf to hear the cry of the thirsting people. They are looking for some manifestation of real power in orthodoxy.

THE GOSPEL CAMPAIGN IN ALBANIA

By P. B. Kennedy

THE statement of the Apostle in Romans 15: 19—"So that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the gospel of Christ"—is of deep interest to us all, because this ancient land of Illyricum included a large part of the present Albania. The word "liri" in the Albanian language means liberty. The Albanians call themselves "Shqipetari". The word "Shqiporye" in the Albanian language means eagle. The eagle soars up high to liberty. Wherever the gospel, as the Apostle knew it and preached it, goes, we will have liberty from sin and every evil thing. Would that this dear gospel of Jesus, the atoning Christ, had continued to be preached in Albania, but after Cyril and Methodius were sent as missionaries into Bulgaria in the ninth century, the missionary spirit of the Christian church seems to have lagged. Now is our day of opportunity to push forward this glorious campaign.

Our problem at present is a financial one. With economy, hard work, and united prayer, we trust with God's help to keep the Mission open. Mr. and Mrs. Jacques are taking up the study of the language and entering upon the service. Pray for them and that their friends will be able to support them. Mrs. Kennedy has been seriously ill with rheumatism and under special treatment in Salonica. Keep praying that she will be fully restored, as she is greatly needed in this situation. I ought to go back, but it seems urgent that I keep on in this service here until we can see the way financially clear to return.

Personally, God has opened the way for me to

speak in six Presbyterian churches and in one Union Church here in the vicinity of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., during December. I was once a member of the Lackawanna Presbytery. God has a great work amongst these foreign-speaking peoples of this valley. I have had the joy of speaking to some personally. One was a Jew, who I hopefully believe came to accept *our* Messiah as *his*. He came especially for "His own," did he not?

Now I am prayerfully thinking of going to New England. Kindly ask that I may be guided and helped, for the need of our Mission is very great.

CHURCHES ON THE BORDER OF RUSSIA UNITE IN THE DEFENSE OF THE FAITH

A VERY original conference recently took place in Esthonia, in which the Lutheran clergy and the Russian Orthodox united. The subject for discussion was, "The Struggle Against Atheism." At this time the extreme efforts of the godless to spread atheism throughout the countries bordering on Russia, were brought to light.

In Poland, for instance, the undermining work of the godless was described as follows: The godless ridicule religion, and to this the Russian peasant is especially sensitive. The crosses on the roadside are profaned, the fields of the priests are burned, and the godless enter into the churches with their hats on and with cigars in their mouths. The worshipers are frightened and sometimes the service is broken up. The priest then casts off his garb and by the aid of his fists expels the intruders.

The attacks of the godless are so strong among the Russians and Ukrainians that the Orthodox clergy have become discouraged. The godless pose, very often, as Ukrainian extremists. They try to gain an entrance into every club, society, or organization of Russians, there to spread their godless propaganda. Therefore, the idea came into being, of uniting the churches in order to develop Christian activity among the frightened population in Esthonia, Latvia, and Poland, the countries bordering on Russia.

A CHOICE VESSEL

By Margaret Griffith

WHILE in England, we met Mrs. Scott, the mother of Jackie. Jackie was a cripple through an accident to his spine, and a marvel of the grace of our Lord. On the flyleaf of his Bible were written these words: "Dear loving Father, tonight I ask Thee to fill me with Thy Holy Spirit and with the love of Jesus—the love that Jesus had for perishing souls. Oh, take away the fear of man. May my only fear be that I do not serve Thee faithfully! Grant that, wherever I am, my life and testimony may speak for the glory of Jesus." Many souls were won to Jesus through him. Ministers came to comfort, and went away with melted hearts and rich blessing. The poem below shows his beautiful trust.

"Oh, the peace of trusting Jesus!
Heavenly comfort, rest indeed!
Just to think that He has promised
To supply our every need!

If we ask in faith believing,
Casting every doubt aside,
He will never, never fail us,
If we in His Word abide.

For He longs to see us trusting
And believing what He saith—
Just accepting what He's promised,
With a simple, childlike faith.

Do not doubt, although the answer
Does not come JUST when you pray;
Keep on looking and expecting—
He will answer, come what may.

Satan will with fears surround you—
Never mind him, only trust;
When he comes with doubts to tempt you,
Firmly answer, 'Jesus must!' "

"Enclosed is One Dollar subscription price for European Harvest Field for one year. I value the little magazine. It stirs one's heart to read of the triumphs of the gospel amid such adverse conditions. How brave and wonderful some of our Christian brothers and sisters are! Surely they will merit a glorious 'Well done!' May God continue His presence and blessing!"

Receipts for October (in part) and November, 1932

Receipt No.	Amount	Receipt No.	Amount	Receipt No.	Amount	Receipt No.	Amount
12139	1.00	12180	3.75	12216	5.00	12257	1.00
12140	1.00	12181	4.00	12217	20.00	12258	1.00
12141	6.85	12182	1.00	12218	6.50	12259	5.00
12142	2.00	12183	1.00	12219	18.00	12260	50.00
12143	1.00	12184	5.00	12220	2.00	12261	20.00
13144	5.50	(Of this amount $41.85 is for the EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD.)		12221	1.00	12262	1.00
12145	50.00			12222	20.00	12263	1.00
12146	10.00			12223	8.00	12264	6.00
12147	1.75			12224	1.00	12265	2.00
12148	1.00			12225	50.00	12266	7.00
12149	25.00	12185	$6.00	12226	3.00	12267	15.00
12150	2.00	12186	10.00	12227	.70	12268	3.00
12151	50.85	12187	10.00	12228	30.00	12269	3.00
12152	25.00	12188	1.00	12229	1.00	12270	2.00
12153	1.10	12189	2.50	12230	6.00	12271	6.00
12154	5.00	12190	40.00	12231	6.00	12272	1.00
12155	1.25	12191	5.00	12232	29.79	12273	2.00
12156	1.00	12192	8.00	12233	15.00	12274	2.00
12157	1.00	12193	24.00	12234	10.00	12275	5.00
12158	2.00	12194	10.00	12235	3.00	12276	5.00
12159	5.00	12195	10.00	12236	10.00	12277	5.00
12160	10.00	12196	25.00	12237	85.00	12278	5.00
12161	1.08	12197	1.00	12238	5.00	12279	5.00
12162	10.00	12198	2.00	12239	5.00	12280	3.00
12163	3.00	12199	5.00	12240	32.00	12281	1.00
12164	10.00	12200	20.00	12241	1.00	12282	16.00
12165	1.00	12201	5.00	12242	14.50	12283	25.00
12166	25.00	12202	52.00	12243	1.00	12284	4.00
12167	10.00	12203	25.80	12244	2.00	12285	30.00
12168	25.00	12204	3.51	12245	2.00	12286	10.75
12169	5.00	12205	5.00	12246	1.00	12287	5.00
12170	10.00	12206	2.00	12247	1.00	12288	100.00
12171	1.00	12207	1.00	12248	1.00	12289	10.00
12172	10.00	12208	10.00	12249	3.50	12290	2.00
12173	10.00	12209	5.00	12250	6.20	12291	5.00
12174	1.25	12210	1.00	12251	10.50	12292	1.00
12175	10.00	12211	5.00	12252	4.00	12293	10.00
12176	10.00	12212	30.00	12253	25.00		
12177	1.00	12213	5.00	12254	5.00	(Of this amount $32.00 is for THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD.)	
12178	11.00	12214	11.00	12255	1.00		
12179	1.00	12215	2.00	12256	1.00		

THE Saloff-Astakhoff Books on Russia, depicting the awful conditions existing under revolutionar ychanges, are now available. Portraying the persecutions and faithfulness of believers unto death, these books stimulate prayer and courage. They also give graphic pictures in words of the startling contrasts between Communism and Christianity. The following can be secured through the office of the Fellowship:

"In the Flame of Russia's Revolution with God and the Bible," 304 pages, 7 illustrations.—Price, $2.25.

"Christianity and Communism," Second Edition.—Price, 50 cents.

"Children Under Communism" (American translation, Little Lame Walter).—Price, 50 cents.

"Willie's Acquaintance with Christ."—Price, 30 cents.